

THE SCHOLASTIC.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE STUDENTS.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

Volume VIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 17, 1874.

Number 4.

St. Joseph's Lake.

Lovely lake, with joy I greet thee!
Brighter seems your look to-day
Than when last my eyes beheld thee
Ruffled by the wind and spray.
Then your bosom fair was heaving,
Loud the surges beat the shore
Sounding as it were a farewell
To the friends who'd meet no more.

Now thou liest calmly sleeping,
Sunbeams play upon thy breast;
Not a zephyr mars thy slumber,
All is silent, peaceful rest.
Weeping willows, stately poplars,
Craggy oaks thy sentinels stand,
Forming pictures on thy border
Shadowing thy grassy strand.

Whispering reeds adorn thy margin,
Forming cool and dumb retreat
For your glist'ning finny inmates,
While meridian sunbeams beat.
Such an air of soft retirement
Seems to haunt thy silver shades,
That my fancy knows no brighter
In the woodland's flowery glades.

Oh! how sweet it is at even,
When you lie so clear and still,
When no sound breaks nature's slumber,
Save the plaintive whippoorwill;
Softly still to dip my paddle
Stealing past thy rushy side,
While across my course are wafted
Winds that slept where violets hide.

THOS. CHILDS.

Sunnyside Reveries.

THE KINDLING LEAF.

Bright, golden October! rich with the garnerage of the year; mellow with the accumulated fruitage of the season. The year has risen grandly, culminated, performed its mission, and in October it wraps its mantle sadly around it and lies down to die. There is not, in the round of the twelve, a month so grand, so solemn, so sad as October. Grand in its tropical luxuriance of tint and color; solemn in its hoarse, wailing storms and rustling, dying leaves; sad in its lingering farewell to Summer. There is something comfortable and cozy about it withal, something suggestive of approaching festivities and the animal gratification which a warm fire produces. It is the season when we long to see the sun burst out with those gorgeous crimson

flashes which can be seen at no other time; and almost instinctively we seek some south wall, protected from the keen wind, or some dry sunny bank, reaching down with an easy slope to the south and in the midst of the densest of shrubbery, and, as we are doing to-day, bask in the bright still, sunshine with the most indolent sense of languid enjoyment. There are certain people who have the most unbounded faith in "spring fever," but be that as it may, and we will not question it, we are most thoroughly convinced that there exists annually such an indisposition as "October fever," and it is not complementary to a chill, either. The first indication we have of the approach of autumn is in the increased depth and beauty of the sky, and the little lamps of light that God is kindling in every leaf and shrub around us; silent little voices beginning to whisper of the approach of the grand old storm king. How few of us ever see the grandeur and exquisite beauty of those tiny silent ministers to our spiritual sense. We see those things, it is true, but we do not try to interpret or understand them. The apathy and sensuality of our sordid natures are too exclusive. We can appreciate only what is awful or what is extraordinary. We say a rushing torrent is grand; an angry charging of the waves of ocean is sublime; and the crashing of the thunderbolt, so aptly called the artillery of heaven, is awful. We comprehend them only inasmuch as they inspire us with terror, and it is the instinctive cowardice of our nature which discharges the apathetic bond that enchains us; and yet it is not in the fierce and angry manifestations of elemental activity—it is not in the crashing avalanche, nor the mad, wanton devastation of a Southern tornado that the purest, truest characters of the sublime are developed. No: we must seek our ideal in solitude; in the deep, subdued passages of unostentatious majesty; in the smooth, perpetual changes of rolling worlds; in the germinating seed and the kindling leaf; in things that must be studied ere they can be seen, and pondered on ere they can be comprehended; things which God is working out within and around us every day; in life itself, which is renewed every instant by a perpetual act of creation, it is through these that we must seek our ideals of grandeur and our sublime conceptions of the beautiful.

How few of us ever notice the grand panorama which nature spreads out in the October of each year; the almost infinite variety of tints and shades which the trees present—the gorgeous drapery of autumn. The maple is perhaps the most beautiful in our climate, with its bright crimson and scarlet and deeper shades of purple. The oak comes next, increasing its color from day to day till it becomes a rich deep brown; then the hickory and the ash, the paw-paw and walnut, clothed in the purest golden yellow; and

last of all, the cedar, reverses the order and seems to become a deeper bluish-green. How often the question is asked; "What makes them turn yellow when there has been no frost?" the popular idea being that their kindling depends on the frost. And how unsatisfactory the answer must ever be. We know that the leaves have power to decompose the air, and in proportion as that power declines with the waning of season an undue proportion of carbonic acid is left behind; and it is owing to excess of nitrogen, oxygen, or carbon, that the leaf becomes yellow, crimson or violet; but here our knowledge ends. What are the exact proportions, we have not determined: and we presume it would be impossible for the chemist to produce the same colors by artificial means. Why are they so complex, so various, so beautiful? The practical man asks such questions in perfect good faith, and the scientific man, as such, cannot answer. They might as well retain their chlorophyl intact, and fall from the tree as green and fresh as when they first made their appearance. God in His infinite wisdom had a wiser, more merciful design. He fixed the innate admiration of the beautiful in our hearts, and then most perfectly moulded the creation to meet that want, and it becomes a distinctive mark of the declining year; its crimson life-blood, dying, the maple, becomes a means to trace the progress of vegetable life in its later stages.

I am inclined to be ashamed of Lowell for calling this glorious season "nothing but a few hectic leaves when all is said," and again, "a season of fogs and mellow fruitfulness;" but as he himself says: "To be sure, *eyes* are not so common as one would think, or there would be more poets who base their claims to distinction on their genuine love of nature for herself." We cannot prevent the reflection that Rousseau was wiser than he, in spite of his ill-timed ridicule. And is not the tinting leaf typical of the passage of humanity? Trace the path of the delicate bud through all its changes, to the proudly glowing leaf, and then—a few more days brings it to the common bourne of all mutable things—the grave. It is a sad spectacle to see a tender bud torn from the branch and cast away to die before its mission has begun, but we feel no such sorrow in contemplating the innumerable crimson and yellow leaves that form such a beautiful panorama for our delectation. We know their days are short, and the snow will be their death-shroud and their mausoleum; but it excites only "a passing pity, scarce akin to pain." It is nature, and we are passively submissive, comforting ourselves with the reflection they will be renewed again. And thus the great world passes on; the dissipating hand of time destroying everything, withering, perishing, decaying when it has become most beautiful, like the crimson leaves only decking itself with beauty for the grave. But buds and dawning leaves are sometimes torn from the parent branches by ruthless storms which come without warning, and we feel a grand, beautiful sympathy, as honorable to us as it is sweet and touching, for their loss. And it is true of life. The broken lily is the sweetest, tenderest emblem of the going forth of a young soul to meet its Creator ere its earthly existence had passed the meridian. And what is life but a strange uncertain mixture of pleasure and regret and death—often of ill-timed exultation in the midst of sorrow; and how we forget the lessons taught us of our mortality is a stranger phenomenon than the very mystery of life itself.

T. A. D.

Daniel Boone.

Daniel Boone, or, as he was usually called in the Western country, Colonel Boone, says Audubon, in his *Ornithological Biography*, happened to spend a night with me under the same roof, more than twenty years ago. We had returned from a shooting excursion, in the course of which his extraordinary skill in the management of the rifle had been fully displayed. On retiring to the room appropriated to that remarkable individual and myself for the night, I felt anxious to know more of his exploits and adventures than I did, and accordingly took the liberty of proposing numerous questions to him. The stature and general appearance of this wanderer of the Western forests approached the gignatic. His chest was broad and prominent; his muscular powers displayed themselves in every limb; his countenance gave indication of his great courage, enterprise, and perseverance; and when he spoke, the very motion of his lips brought the impression that whatever he uttered could not be otherwise than strictly true. I undressed, whilst he merely took off his hunting-shirt, and arranged a few folds of blankets on the floor, choosing rather to lie there, as he observed, than on the softest bed. When we had both disposed of ourselves, each after his own fashion, he related to me the following account of his powers of memory, which I lay before you, kind reader, in his own words, hoping that the simplicity of his style may prove interesting to you:

"I was once," said he, "on a hunting expedition on the banks of the Green River, when the lower parts of this State (Kentucky) were still in the hands of Nature, and none but the sons of the soil were looked upon as its lawful proprietors. We Virginians had for some time been waging a war of intrusion upon them, and I, amongst the rest, rambled through the woods in pursuit of their race, as I now would follow the tracks of any ravenous animal. The Indians outwitted me one dark night, and I was as unexpectedly as suddenly made a prisoner by them. The trick had been managed with great skill; for no sooner had I extinguished the fire of my camp, and laid me down to rest, in full security, as I thought, than I felt myself seized by an indistinguishable number of hands, and was immediately pinioned, as if about to be led to the scaffold for execution. To have attempted to be refractory would have proved useless and dangerous to my life; and I suffered myself to be removed from my camp to theirs, a few miles distant, without uttering even a word of complaint. You are aware, I dare say, that to act in this manner was the best policy, as you understand that by so doing I proved to the Indians at once that I was born and bred as fearless of death as any of themselves.

"When we reached the camp, great rejoicings were exhibited. Two squaws and a few papooses appeared particularly delighted at the sight of me, and I was assured, by very unequivocal gestures and words, that, on the morrow, the mortal enemy of the redskins would cease to live. I never opened my lips, but was busy contriving some scheme which might enable me to give the rascals the slip before dawn. The women immediately fell a searching about my hunting-shirt for whatever they might think valuable, and fortunately for me, soon found my flask filled with *Monongahela* (that is, reader, strong whiskey). A terrific grin was exhibited on their murderous countenances, while my heart throbbed with joy at the anticipation of

minutes had my bottle up to their dirty mouths, gurgling down their throats the remains of the whiskey.

"With what pleasure did I see them becoming more and more drunk, until the liquor took such hold of them that it was quite impossible for these women to be of any service. They tumbled down, rolled about, and began to snore; when I, having no other chance of freeing myself from the cords that fastened me, rolled over and over towards the fire, and, after a short time, burned them asunder. I rose on my feet, stretched my stiffened sinews, snatched up my rifle, and, for once in my life spared that of Indians. I now recollect how desirous I once or twice felt to lay open the skulls of the wretches with my tomahawk; but when I again thought upon killing beings unprepared and unable to defend themselves, it looked like murder without need, and I gave up the idea.

"But, sir, I felt determined to mark the spot, and walking to a thrifty ash sapling I cut out of it three large chips, and ran off. I soon reached the river, soon crossed it, and threw myself deep into the canebrakes, imitating the tracks of an Indian with my feet, so that no chance might be left for those from whom I had escaped to overtake me.

"It is now nearly twenty years since this happened, and more than five since I left the whites' settlements, which I might probably never have visited again had I not been called on as a witness in a lawsuit that was pending in Kentucky, and which I really believe would never have been settled had I not come forward and established the beginning of a certain boundary line. This is the story, sir:

"Mr. — moved from Old Virginia into Kentucky, and having a large tract granted to him in the new State, laid claim to a certain parcel of land adjoining Green River, and, as chance would have it, took for one of his corners the very ash tree on which I had made my mark, and finished his survey of some thousands of acres, beginning, as it is expressed in the deed, "at an ash tree marked by three distinct notches of the tomahawk of a white man."

"The tree had grown much, and the bark had covered the marks; but somehow or other, Mr. — heard from some one all that I have already said to you, and thinking that I might remember the spot alluded to in the deed, but which was no longer discoverable, wrote for me to come and try at least to find the place of the tree. His letter mentioned that all my expenses should be paid, and not caring much about once more going back to Kentucky I started and met Mr. —. After some conversation, the affair with the Indians came to my recollection. I considered for a while, and began to think that after all I could find the very spot, as well as the tree, if it was as yet standing.

"Mr. — and I mounted our horses, and off we went to the Green River Bottoms. After some difficulties—for you must be aware, sir, that great changes have taken place in those woods—I found at last the spot where I had crossed the river, and, waiting for the moon to rise, made for the course in which I thought the ash tree grew. On approaching the place, I felt as if the Indians were there still, and as if I was still a prisoner among them. Mr. — and I camped near what I conceived the spot, and waited until the return of day.

"At the rising of the sun I was on foot, and, after a good deal of musing, thought that an ash tree then in sight must be the very one on which I had made my mark. I felt as if there could be no doubt of it, and mentioned my

their intoxication. The crew immediately began to beat their bellies and sing, as they passed the bottle from mouth to mouth. How often did I wish the flask ten times its size, and filled with aquafortis! I observed that the squaws drank more freely than the warriors, and again my spirits were about to be depressed, when the report of a gun was heard at a distance. The Indians all jumped on their feet. The singing and drinking were both brought to a stand, and I saw, with inexpressible joy, the men walk off to some distance and talk to the squaws. I knew that they were consulting about me, and I foresaw that in a few moments the warriors would go to discover the cause of the gun having been fired so near their camp. I expected that the squaws would be left to guard me. Well, sir, it was just so. They returned; the men took up their guns, and walked away. The squaws sat down again, and in less than five thought to Mr. —. "Well, Colonel Boone," said he, "if you think so, I hope it may prove true, but we must have some witnesses; do you stay hereabout, and I will go and bring some of the settlers whom I know." I agreed. Mr. — trotted off, and I, to pass the time, rambled about to see if a deer was still living in the land. But ah! sir, what a wonderful difference thirty years make in the country! Why, at the time when I was caught by the Indians, you would not have walked out in any direction for more than a mile without shooting a buck or a bear. There were then thousands of buffaloes on the hills in Kentucky; the land looked as if it never would become poor; and to hunt in those days was a pleasure indeed. But when I was left to myself on the banks of Green River, I dare say for the last time in my life, a few signs only of deer were to be seen and, as to a deer itself, I saw none.

"Mr. — returned, accompanied by three gentlemen. They looked upon me as if I had been Washington himself, and walked to the ash tree, which I now called my own, as if in quest of a long-lost treasure. I took an axe from one of them, and cut a few chips from the bark. Still no sign was to be seen. So I cut again until I thought it was time to be cautious, and I scraped and worked away with my butcher-knife until I did come to where my tomahawk had left an impression in the wood. We now went regularly to work, and scraped at the tree with care until three hacks; as plain as any three notches ever were, could be seen. Mr. — and the other gentlemen were astonished, and I must allow I was as much surprised as pleased myself. I made affidavit of this remarkable occurrence in presence of these gentlemen. Mr. — gained his cause. I left Green River forever, and came to where we now are; and, sir, I wish you a good-night."

The principal cities in the American Union have from time to time received various nicknames. For example, New York is called Gotham; Boston, the Modern Athens, also the Hub; Philadelphia, the Quaker City; Baltimore, the Monumental City; Cincinnati, the Queen City; New Orleans, the Crescent City; Washington, the City of Magnificent Distances; Chicago, the Garden City; Detroit, the City of the Straits; Cleveland, the Forest City; Pittsburgh, the Iron City; New Haven, the City of Elms; Indianapolis, the Railroad City; St. Louis, the City of Mounds; Keokuk, the Gate City; Louisville, the Falls City; Nashville, the City of Rocks; Quincy, the Model City; Hannibal, the Bluff City; Alexandria, the Delta City; Newburyport, the Garden of Eden; Salem, the City of Peace.

The Scholastic.

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TERMS:

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—Most of the College Societies are now in good working order, and we have no doubt will show bright records at the close of the year. A word or two concerning these associations may not be out of place. It is fashionable with some persons to decry societies of all kinds, but more especially debating societies. These persons would have us believe that they cause students to lose a great deal of time, that they are injurious to a young man inasmuch as by obtaining some fluency in the way of debate he is filled with an exaggerated opinion of himself and of his ability. We do not believe either of these charges to be true. Societies do not cause young men to lose their time. All study, as well as all work, will make Jack a dull boy. The time taken up by the society is a part of the student's free time—or at least it occupies only that part of the study time which remains after lessons are learned and exercises are written. Remembering the fact that Wednesday is the regular free day, and then glancing at the list, published in another column, showing the days and the hours at which the different societies meet, the fact is clear to all. If in the Society the young man becomes a good debater, so much the better for the young man; if, in consequence thereof, he acquires a conceited idea of his powers, a few little rubs in the world will soon drive them out of his head. We would advise all our students to attach themselves to the societies now existing. Let them join the religious society, that their piety may be increased and made manly; let them join the literary societies, that they may improve in debate and in knowledge; let the ranks of our dramatic societies be filled, that the young men may acquire a graceful delivery in speaking; and, if the student has a taste for music, let him become a member of the musical society and improve this taste. To all the members of our societies we would say, push on with your work and show to all persons that your societies have been of great good to you throughout the year.

—ONE thing needed in the United States is an institution for the education of teachers for Catholic schools. The teachers wanted by the country parishes should be able to teach the elementary branches and also to take charge of the church choir. It is very difficult for pastors to obtain young men capable of doing both these things. They are able to obtain teachers for the schools, but cannot find persons capable of leading the choir of the village church. Many of our Catholic Missions are poor. They wish teachers for their schools; they wish also to have music in their churches. To employ two different persons costs them entirely too much. It is almost impossible to obtain the sort of a man able to do both. To enable the pastors of our country parishes, then, to obtain teachers who will attend to the school and lead the choir, there should be a Normal School established, in which a good musical edu-

cation should be given to the pupils, as well as the learning necessary for teaching the school. We would suggest to the CECILIA SOCIETY the propriety of its taking the initiative steps in founding a school of this kind. It might furnish the teachers of music, and arrange with some existing institution for the remainder of the teachers, both English and German, required. By doing so, in the course of time, persons educated under its influence, devoted to the cause of reform in church music, and members of the Cecilia Society, will be installed in most of the churches in the land. Then will the Cecilia be the better able to extend its influence and advance more rapidly the reform of Church Music.

Father Lemonnier.

Rev. Fr. Lemonnier has been somewhat better the past few days though there is still but slight hope of his recovery. Having well prepared himself for death, he accepts his present state with resignation to the will of God. We hope that God will in His mercy spare him to us for many years to come.

We have received many letters from the hosts of warm friends of Father Lemonnier from all parts of the country filled with regrets for his illness and hopes of recovery.

—ON account of the sickness of Rev. Father Lemonnier, the celebration of St. Edward's Day—the 13th of October,—was postponed. There was no Exhibition nor display of any kind, as was the custom at Notre Dame for years past. The Thespians, under the direction of Professors Lyons and O'Mahony, had an excellent programme made out for the Feast, but they were obliged to let it go over. When the celebration will take place we cannot tell. It was not forgetfulness on the part of the students, but their regard for their estimable President, Fr. Lemonnier, which caused them to postpone their public demonstration of respect to Fr. General. However, a general holiday was given to the students, and the private sports in which they indulged will be found under the head of out-door sports.

Local Items.

- DID you vote?
- 'RAH for Stace!
- Do. for McMichael.
- It's getting colder.
- RETREAT next week.
- FROSTY mornings now.
- CONFERENCE next month.
- No boat-race as announced.
- PROF. STACE's majority is 208.
- SCARLET and golden leaves now.
- REHEARSALS are over for the present.
- STOVES have been put up in the Church.
- PLENTY of fun in the yard on Wednesdays.
- HICKORY-NUTS are not in abundance this year.
- FR. ECHESTER visited the College on Friday.
- JOSEPH FLEURY, one of our old printers, is here.
- FR. FRERE is busy preparing for his visitors next week.
- A NEW Class-room is being made in the Infirmary buildings.
- MR. RUDDIMAN, teacher of Telegraphy, arrived Friday morning.

—JOHN H. FEENEY, of the Chicago Stereotype Foundry, was with us for a few days.

—HON. W. C. McMICHAEL's majority is 315 in St. Joseph's county and over 600 in the two counties of St. Joseph and Marshall.

—THE room of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association will compare favorably with any college club-room in the country. It is really a beauty.

—QUITE a number of evergreens have been planted about the College.

—1600, and not 1100, is the number of volumes in the Circulating Library.

—THE difficulty which has existed for some time on the 3rd floor of the College has been removed.

—WE saw two public benefactors repairing the walk between the College and St. Mary's the other day.

—A new bell was placed in position on the old church the other day. We heard it at half-past four A. M.

—A prominent debating society is trying to settle which is the hardest to keep, a diary or an umbrella.

—As an item of interest, we chronicle the fact that quite an addition is being made to the scenery in Washington Hall.

—THE snow-storm on Monday last was anything but pleasant to see. It did not last long—but it made us shiver to see the flakes coming down.

—IN the Junior Refectory they are reading Montalembert's "Monks of the West." In the Seniors' Refectory the "History of the Church" is read.

—IN the coming Spring it is intended to plant a hedge around the College parterre; it will be an improvement on the fence that has been there heretofore.

—RAPID CURES.—Last Tuesday morning there were some twelve sick persons in the Infirmary—by noon they were all cured. It was the *congé* that did it.

—DOES any person about Notre Dame know what has become of the first volume of "MORES CATHOLICI," by Digby? If any one does know, he will confer a favor on us by leaving word at the "AVE MARIA" Office.

—AT St. Joseph's College, Memramcook, N. B., an institution conducted by the Congregation of the Holy Cross, there are, we learn, 125 students this year. This is a very good number for a new college.

—FATHER COLOVIN is directing his attention towards the Classical Course, into which he will undoubtedly infuse much vigor and life. The Classical Course should be the pride and boast of the College, and we have no doubt but that under the management of Fr. Colovin it will become as perfect and successful as the other Courses.

—THIRTY years ago, on the 12th day of October, Very Rev. Alexis Granger, C. S. C., our worthy Provincial, first put his feet upon American soil. He has remained at Notre Dame during the whole of this long period, and to him have the students been indebted for most of their spiritual training. He still holds in the College the office of Spiritual Director, or Prefect of Religion.

—WE have been notified by the editorial staff of the "*St. Cecilia Philomathean Standard*," that we were elected an honorary member of the same. We return them our thanks, and in doing so we hope they will allow us to express the wish that the "*Standard*" may not only continue to be what it always was—an entertaining paper—but that it may surpass its record of other years.

Personal.

—MR. A. F. NEWMAN, of Wabash, Ind., spent a day at Notre Dame last week.

—THOS. EWING, of the Class of '69, has been spending a few days at the College.

—CHARLIE CAMPAU and Oliver Tong drove out to the College on St. Edward's Day.

—AMONG the visitors to the College last week were Mr. and Mrs. Peter W. Siebert, of Pittsburgh, Penn.

—MRS. MAJOR WALKER, of Helena, Montana, is on a visit to her daughters at St. Mary's and her son at Notre Dame.

—BY a letter received from him, we learn that Thos. B. Clifford, an old student of Notre Dame, is practicing law in New York city.

—REV. HENRY BROWN, of Ravenna, Ohio, and Rev. Gerhard Pilz, O. S. B., of St. Joseph's Church, Chicago, were with us on the 13th.

—ON St. Edward's Day, Mr. Ranker and lady visited the College. Mr. Ranker is the accomplished organist of St. Joseph's Church, Chicago. He gives a good account of Joseph Mukautz and John P. Lauth, old students of Notre Dame.

—WE were pained to learn recently the demise of Mr. JOHN F. BAASEN, of Milwaukee, father of our esteemed Prof. M. A. J. Baasen and Rev. John B. Baasen of Tusculumbia, Ala. His family should feel much consoled, however, to witness such an edifying end to an edifying life.

—WE clip the following from the *Saginawian*, Saginaw, Michigan:

"An event matrimonial occurred at St. Andrew's (Catholic) Church this morning. It was the uniting of E. J. Fitzharris and Rosa Rohan in the holy bands of wedlock, by Rev. Mr. Vanderhayden. Quite a large number were in attendance to witness the ceremonies."

"Mr. Fitzharris was in the employ of the late M. G. Martin for some time before his demise. Since that time he has had the entire control of the business, which by his affability and energy he has largely increased. He gained the esteem of all with whom he had dealings, and by his frankness and generosity made many warm friends who will wish him and bride many years of happy enjoyment. They left on the four o'clock train for Salina City, California."

Mr. Fitzharris was a student of Notre Dame a number of years ago. The many friends whom he here made will wish him and his bride years upon years of happiness.

Art Notes.

—MR. GREGORI is painting a life sized portrait of Very Rev. Fr. General. It is intended for the College parlor, we believe. He is also painting a portrait of Rev. Fr. Lemonnier.

—WE were shown a lengthy description of the Lamp intended for the sanctuary of the new church. We will in some future number, give a short description of the Lamp for the benefit of our readers—or, perhaps it would be better to wait until the Lamp itself arrives.

—THE *Pilot*, of Boston, sent us an excellent chromo of Father Matthew. It is got up in the best style of the art. We offer it as a prize to the student who will write the best article for the SCHOLASTIC, on "Painting"—to be sent to the Editor by the 4th of November.

—THE beautiful stained glass window on the 2nd floor of the Presbytery attracts the attention of all persons.

Society Reports.

- THE PHILOPATRIANS will reorganize in a few weeks.
- THERE are 20 members in the Sodality of the Holy Angels.
- THE Archconfraternity of the B. V. M. hold their meetings on the first Sunday of each month, at 8 o'clock A. M., in the Chapel.
- THE St. Aloysius Literary Society assembles every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock, in Class-room No. 3.
- THE Sodality of the Holy Angels meets every Wednesday evening, at 7 o'clock, in Class-room No. 5.
- THE St. Cecilia Philomathean Society have their meetings every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock, and every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock, in Class-room No. 4.
- THE St. Cecilia Philomathean Association held its 6th and 7th regular meetings on October 5th and 12th respectively. Masters F. E. Foxen and F. Solon deserve mention for compositions. Masters Beegan, McNamara, Lawless, Wood, McIntyre, Soule, McHugh, Hake, Meyer, O'Connell, Schmidt, Palmer, O'Hara, and Minton are among the best who delivered declamations.
- THE Columbian Literary and Debating Club, meets every Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock, in Class-room No. 6.
- THE Thespian Society holds its meetings on the evening of the first Wednesday of each month, at 7 o'clock, in Class-room No. 8.
- THE PHILODEMIC SOCIETY held its fifth regular meeting on the 13th ult., the Vice-President, T. A. Dailey, in the chair. The question debated was: "Resolved, That the Right of Suffrage should be Accorded to Women,"—Messrs. Kelly and Villeneuve supporting the affirmative, while Messrs. Mathews and Skahill sustained the negative. A number of volunteers also took part in the debate.

Literature.

—THE November number of the *Young Crusader* comes to us freighted with good things for good boys. "The Brave Boys of France" is continued, while a number of shorter articles add liveliness to its pages. Subscribe for it, boys.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD for October comes to us filled with a number of good things. The contents of the number are as follows: I, "Protestant Missions," *C. B. Wolff*. II, "Fiat Justitia," *Mrs. M. M. Warde*. III, "Dying Summer," *C. H. A. Esling*. IV, "Letters to a Protestant Friend," *Dr. Moriarty*. V, "A Pilgrimage of Pleasure," *C. H. A. Esling*. VI, "A Vesper Hymn." VII, "Professor Tyn-dall's Address," *C. A. M.* VIII, "An Affair of the Heart." IX, "The Theory of the All-Sufficiency of the Bible," *Rev. Dr. Moriarty*. X, "New Publications."

We can recommend the *Record* to the students as an excellent Catholic Magazine. Published by Hardy & Mahony, No. 505 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia—\$2.50 per annum.

Additional Arrivals.

William Doherty,.....Cincinnati, Ohio.
Edward J. McLaughlin,....Clinton, Iowa.
Patrick Mattimore,.....Toledo, Ohio.
P. J. Mattimore,.....Toledo, Ohio.
T. Monahan,.....South Bend, Indiana.
David Bonner,.....Nashville, Tennessee.

W. J. Cash,.....Chicago, Illinois.
Frank M. Scrafford,.....Seneca, Kansas.
Harold V. Hayes,.....Chicago, Illinois.
Mark M. S. Foote,Burlington, Iowa.
Edward Maas,.....Negaunee, Michigan.
W. J. Fullerton,.....Havana, Illinois.
Edward Ayers,.....Chicago, Illinois.
Eugene Seibert,.....Cincinnati, Ohio.
William D. Smith,.....Adrian, Michigan.
William Krieg,.....Mt. Pulaski, Illinois.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

V. Baca, F. Brady, J. Berrenger, J. Brown, J. Burnham, F. Bearss, R. Barrett, L. Chamberlain, J. Caren, J. Crummey, G. Crummey, H. Cassidy, J. Cullen, T. Crelly, W. Dechant, P. Egan, B. Euans, J. Ewing, M. Foley, J. Ferry, C. Favey, F. Farrell, P. Guilloz, E. Graves, T. Grier, T. Gallagher, J. Gillen, J. Hackett, G. Hoyt, C. Hess, J. Handley, T. Hansard, A. Horne, J. Hogan, S. Kennedy, J. Kopf, M. Keeler, J. Kelly, A. Lonstorf, J. Larkin, P. Lawrance, L. Murphy, G. McNulty, J. Marks, E. McPharlin, R. Maas, E. Maas, F. Montgomery, P. McDonald, W. McGavin, T. Murphy, N. Mooney, J. Mathews, E. Monohan, J. McManus, H. Marble, P. Mattimore, E. McLaughlin, J. Ney, T. O'Leary, T. O'Mahony, C. Proctor, J. Quinn, G. Roulhac, J. Rudge, G. Rudge, P. Skahill, F. Schlink, W. Schultheis, S. Studebaker, P. Shaul, G. Summers, J. Van Dusen, C. Villeneuve, C. Walters, F. Wilhelm, R. White.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

E. F. Arnold, W. Arnold, A. Betcher, J. Beegan, E. Cleary, J. W. Connolly, A. Bergek, F. Buckman, G. Budd, A. Burger, J. Dore, J. Delvecchio, F. Ewing, L. Evers, H. D. Faxon, F. E. Foxen, P. Fitzpatrick, J. French, J. T. Foley, L. Guetig, J. M. Green, J. Golsen, E. D. Gleason, F. Hoffman, J. Handland, J. Hamlin, P. Kelly, J. P. Kurtz, M. Katzauer, H. Korty, J. McHugh, F. Kleiner, J. McIntyre, R. McGrath, H. McGuire, T. Monahan, W. S. Meyer, W. Nicholas, D. Nelson, D. J. O'Connell, J. D. O'Hara, F. Palmer, C. R. Post, L. Pilliod, H. W. Quan, F. Rosa, A. Reinke, F. Raymond, L. P. Smith, J. A. Smith, J. F. Soule, T. J. Solon, T. Summers, T. Talbot, A. Thomas, H. Weber, C. J. Wipple, J. Wood, E. Washburn, H. Colton, P. Schnurrer, C. Hake, G. Woodward, A. Leitelt, J. Leitelt, M. E. Murphy, E. Gramling, C. Peltier, C. E. Leonhardt, H. Sickle.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

E. Raymond, E. Golsen, J. O'Meara, C. Clarke, M. McAuliffe, C. Campau, T. Hooley, A. Bushey, W. Cash, W. Van Pelt, P. D. Nelson, L. Frazee, F. Carlin, H. Colton, F. McGrath, S. Goldsberry, S. Bushey, C. Bushey.

Class Honors.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING THURSDAY, OCTOBER 15.

[Under this heading will appear each week the names of those students who have given satisfaction in all studies of the Class to which they belong. Each Class will be mentioned every fourth week, conformably to the following arrangement. First week, the Classes of the four Collegiate years, (Classical and Scientific); second week, those of the Commercial Course; third week, those of the Preparatory; fourth week, Music, Fine Arts, Modern Languages, and special Classes.—DIRECTOR OF STUDIES.]

By some error, in the list of honorable mentions last week, the name of Mr. J. J. Gillen figured amongst the Sophomores. We regret the mistake, since we believe that Mr. Gillen is not only a Junior, but one of the best representatives of his Class.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

SENIOR CLASS.—G. Roulhac, J. Girard, T. Solon, P. H. Skahill, C. Robertson, L. Busch, A. Crunkilton, F. J. Weisenburger, F. Frazee, L. P. Best, Geo. Gross, F. Miller, M. McCormack, J. H. Lyons, J. C. Hackett, M. J. Murphy, Ed. Maas.

JUNIOR CLASS.—T. D. O'Mahony, J. F. Larkin, J. Retz, F. Montgomery, P. Shaul, T. P. Brady, W. Schultheis, F. Wilhelm, J. Thornton, H. McGuire, L. Evers, J. Griffith, F. E. Foxen, J. Golsen, H. Quan, W. D. Nelson, J. Dore, J. McIntyre, H. Korty, C. Hake, J. E. Obert, T. O'Leary, E. Chalfant, W. McGavin, T. Crelly, W. Roelle, W. Frauenknecht.

HONORABLE MENTIONS

MINIM DEPARTMENT.—R. Golsen, E. Raymond, F. Carlin, C. Clarke, J. O'Meara, M. McAuliffe, S. Goldsberry, F. McGrath, W. Linsey.

Out-Door Sports.

On Tuesday, the 13th of October, the third game for championship between the Juanitas and Excelsiors was played, the latter being victorious. The batting was very good on both sides. Mr. Foote filled the position of umpire to the satisfaction of both parties. The following is the

SCORE:

| "EXCELSIORS." | O | R | "JUANITAS." | O | R |
|------------------------|----|----|-----------------------|----|----|
| G. Gross, s. s..... | 3 | 4 | E. Gault, 1st b..... | 3 | 4 |
| R. Downey, p..... | 1 | 5 | J. Brennan, s. s..... | 4 | 3 |
| J. Hayes, c..... | 4 | 4 | J. Lyons, r. f..... | 4 | 3 |
| V. McKinnon, r. f..... | 3 | 4 | J. Crummey, l. f..... | 3 | 5 |
| L. Bush, 2d b..... | 5 | 4 | C. Hess, c. f..... | 1 | 5 |
| J. Soule, 3d b..... | 2 | 5 | G. Seibert, 2d b..... | 4 | 3 |
| J. Beegan, c. f..... | 3 | 6 | T. Culliton, p..... | 2 | 3 |
| J. Minton, 1st b..... | 1 | 5 | J. Hackett, c..... | 3 | 4 |
| W. Meyer, l. f..... | 5 | 4 | E. Graves, 3d b..... | 3 | 3 |
| Total..... | 27 | 41 | Total..... | 27 | 33 |

INNINGS:

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---------------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|-----|
| "Excelsiors" :..... | 7 | 0 | 1 | 5 | 2 | 9 | 5 | 7 | 5 | —41 |
| "Juanitas" :..... | 4 | 8 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 7 | 1 | 2 | 9 | —33 |

Umpire—Mark M. S. Foote. Scorers—A. Crunkilton and G. Crummey. Time of game—Two hours and forty minutes.

WEDNESDAY morning, October 14, a game of base-ball was played between a picked nine of the Senior Dep't and the 1st nine of the Excelsior B. B. C., on the grounds of the latter, which resulted in the following

SCORE:

| PICKED NINE. | O | R | EXCELSIORS. | O | R |
|------------------------|----|----|------------------------|----|----|
| E. Gault, 1st b..... | 5 | 3 | G. Gross, s. s..... | 2 | 3 |
| J. Brennan, c. f..... | 2 | 5 | R. Downey, p..... | 4 | 1 |
| E. Monahan, s. s..... | 2 | 3 | J. Hayes, c..... | 4 | 1 |
| J. Hackett, 3d b..... | 3 | 1 | V. McKinnon, r. f..... | 3 | 1 |
| W. Ryan, p..... | 4 | 2 | L. Busch, 2d b..... | 2 | 0 |
| T. Culliton, 2d b..... | 5 | 2 | J. Soule, 3d b..... | 3 | 2 |
| J. Crummey, l. f..... | 1 | 6 | J. Beegan, c. f..... | 4 | 1 |
| H. Cassidy, r. f..... | 1 | 4 | J. Minton, 1st b..... | 3 | 1 |
| F. Devoto, c..... | 4 | 3 | W. Meyer, l. f..... | 2 | 2 |
| Total..... | 27 | 29 | Total..... | 27 | 12 |

INNINGS:

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|-------------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|-----|
| Picked Nine:..... | 1 | 5 | 1 | 0 | 6 | 2 | 1 | 9 | 4 | —29 |
| Excelsiors :..... | 1 | 1 | 4 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 3 | —12 |

Umpire—J. E. Kelly. Scorers—A. Crunkilton and G. W. Crummey. Time of game—One hour and forty-five minutes. The Picked Nine by their victory won two barrels of apples, which were put up by the Directors of the two Nines.

Most of the afternoon was spent by both departments in field sports. The following received prizes in the Senior yard:—1st foot-race—E. G. Graves, Galveston, Texas; 2nd foot race—M. Caldwell, Pilot Grove, Ind.; 3rd foot race—E. Ratigan, Detroit, Mich.; 4th foot-race—T. Logan, Chili, South America. For longest throwing—E. Gault, Milwaukee, Wis. 1st sack-race—J. Brennan, Alton, Ills.; 2nd sack-race—H. Marble, South Bend, Ind.; 3rd sack-race—E. Ayers, Benton Harbor, Mich. Three-legged-race—W. J. Ryan, Calumet, Mich.; E. Monahan, Louisville, Ky.

In the Junior Yard, prizes were won by the following persons:—1st foot-race—by J. Beegan, Fort Wayne, Ind.; 2nd foot-race—T. Monahan, South Bend, Ind.; 3rd foot-race—J. Keilty, Youngstown, O. 1st sack-race—E. Gramling, Indianapolis. Best throw Base-Ball—J. Hayes, Chicago. Best running jump—Geo. Budd, Bunker Hill, Ills.; 2nd running jump—L. Pilliod, Toledo, Ohio; 3rd running jump—G. Lonsorf, Negaunee, Mich. Best standing jump—W. Meyers, Portsmouth, Ohio; 2nd standing jump—C. Hake, Grand Rapids, Mich.

In the Minim Department, prizes for jumping, etc., were given to C. Moody, F. McGrath, M. McAuliffe, E. Raymond, T. Hooley, J. O'Meara, W. Cash, C. Campau, F. Campau, A. Bushey, R. Golsen, H. Colton.

—On October 11th, a game of baseball was played between three members of the "Excelsiors," Messrs. Hayes, Downey and Busch, and the first nine of the "Mutuals," which resulted in favor of the "Excelsior Three" by a score of 24 to 7.

—WHY is a son who objects to his mother's second marriage like an exhausted pedestrian? Because he can't "go" a step-father.

A Pennsylvania baby is said to have inherited the eyes and nose of his father, but the cheek of his uncle, who is an insurance agent.

"WHAT brought you to prison, my colored friend?" said a Yankee to a negro. "Two constables, sah." "Yes, but I mean had intemperance anything to do with it?" "Yes sah, dey was bof of 'em drunk."

—A young man from the county, going into a shoe-store for a pair of boots, the clerk blandly asked: "What number do you wear?" "Why, *two*, of course," exclaimed the indignant countryman.

—THE *Detroit Free Press* professes to have discovered a young lady who blushes, goes to bed at nine, eats heartily, speaks plain English, respects her mother, doesn't want to marry a lord, and knows how to cook.

A Worcester boy was engaged in nocturnal cherry-stealing a short time ago, and was observed by the owner of the fruit, who, unnoticed by the young robber, placed a large stuffed dog at the foot of the tree and retired to watch the result of the strategy. The boy, descending, observed the dog, and then the fun commenced; he whistled, coaxed, threatened unavailingly, the animal never moving, and finally the youth accepting the inevitable, settled down to passing the night in the tree. After some hours had passed wearily enough to the lad, morning dawned, and the proprietor of the tree coming from the house, asked him how he came to be in the tree, to which the boy answered that he took to it to save himself from the dog, who had chased him quite a distance. It isn't healthy for a smaller boy to say stuffed dog to that youth now.

A critic in the London *Spectator* divests "Josh Billings" of his bad spelling, and finds him an American Montaigne. And, indeed, many of the sayings appear to us very good. The wit and sense of them is, perhaps, better than the humor. We quote a few:

"Time is money, and many people pay their debts with it."

"Ignorance is the wet-nurse of prejudice."

"Wit without sense is a razor without a handle."

"People of good sense are those whose opinions agree with ours."

"Face all things; even adversity is polite to a man's face."

"Passion always lowers a great man, but sometimes elevates a little one."

"Style is everything for a sinner, and a little of it will not hurt a saint."

"Men nowadays are divided into slow Christians and wide-awake sinners."

"It is little trouble to a graven image to be patient, even in fly-time."

"Health is a loan at call."

"Adversity to a man is like training to a pugilist. It reduces him to his fighting weight."

"Did you ever hear a very rich man sing?"

"Mice fatten slow in a church. They can't live on religion, any more than ministers can."

"Fashion cheats the eccentric with the claptrap of freedom, and makes them serve her in the habiliments of the harlequin."

—THE difference in nature was well illustrated at a Boston depot. Two sisters met. "O, my dear sister!" said one enthusiastically, as they embraced. "You've been eating onions," said the other, calmly and fearlessly.

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL DOUBLE TRACK RAILROAD. PITTSBURGH, FORT WAYNE AND CHICAGO.

Three daily Express Trains, with Pullman's Palace Cars, are run between Chicago, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and New York without Change.

| | |
|-------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1st train leaves Chicago 9 00 p. m. | Arrives at New York 11 30 a. m.* |
| 2d train " " 5 15 p. m. | " " 6 41 a. m.* |
| 3rd train " " 9 00 p. m. | " " 11 30 p. m.* |

Connections at Crestline with trains North and South, and Mansfield with trains on Atlantic and Great Western Railroad.

J. N. McCULLOUGH, Gen'l Manager, Pittsburgh.
J. M. C. CREIGHTON, Assistant Superintendent, Pittsburgh.
D. M. BOYD, JR., Gen. Pass. and Ticket Ag't, Philadelphia.
F. R. MYERS, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Ag't, Pittsburgh.
W. C. CLELLAND, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Agent, Chicago.
* Second day.

L. S. & M. S. RAILWAY.

On and after Sunday, May 24, 1874, trains will leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.

2.35 A. M. (No. 8), Night Express, over Main Line, Arrives at Toledo, 10.30; Cleveland, 2.35 p. m.; Buffalo, 8.55 p. m.
10.38 A. M. (No. 2), Mail, over Main Line; Arrives at Toledo, 5.35 p. m.; Cleveland, 10.20
12.27 A. M. (No. 4), Special New York Express, over Air Line; Arrives at Toledo, 5.50; Cleveland, 10.10 p. m.; Buffalo 4 05 A. M.
9.11 P. M. (No. 6), Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo, 2.40; Cleveland, 7 05; Buffalo, 1.10 P. M.
7.54 P. M. (No. 10) Toledo Express, Main Line. Arrives at Toledo, 2.30 A. M., Cleveland 7.05 A. M., Buffalo 1 10 P. M.
3.55 P. M. [No. 70], Local Freight.

GOING WEST.

3.20 A. M. (No. 3), Express. Arrives at Laporte, 4.15; Chicago 6 30 A. M.
4.50 A. M. (No. 5), Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte, 5.40; Chicago, 8 00 A. M.
5.55 P. M. (No. 7), Evening Express, Main Line. Arrives at Laporte, 6.55; Chicago, 9.10 P. M.
4.51 P. M. (No. 1), Special Chicago Express Arrives at Laporte 5.45; Chicago, 8 00.
8.00 A. M. (No. 9), Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte 8.55 A. M., Chicago 11.10.
7.20 A. M. [No. 71] Local Freight.

NOTE. Conductors are positively forbidden to carry passengers upon Through Freight Trains.

J. W. CARY, General Ticket Agent, Cleveland, Ohio.
F. E. MORSE, General Western Passenger Agent.
J. H. PARSONS, Supt Western Division, Chicago.
W. W. GIDDINGS, Freight Agent.
S. J. POWELL, Ticket Agent, South Bend.
CHARLES PAINE, Gen'l Supt.

Passengers going to local points West, should take Nos. 7, 9, and 71; East, Nos. 2 and 70. Warsaw Express (connecting with No. 4) leaves Elkhart at 12.30 p. m., running through to Wabash. Through tickets to all competing points in every direction. Local Tickets Insurance tickets, R. R. Guides, etc., will be furnished upon application to the Ticket Agent.

Michigan Central Railroad

Time Table.

From and after May 24th, trains on the Michigan Central Railroad leave Niles as follows:

| TRAINS EASTWARD. | |
|------------------|------------|
| Night Express, | 12.45 a.m. |
| Mail, | 9.10 a.m. |
| Day Express, | 12.12 a.m. |
| Accommodation, | 7.35 p.m. |
| Atlantic Express | 8.55 p.m. |
| Way Freight, | 8.00 a.m. |

| TRAINS WESTWARD. | |
|------------------|-----------|
| Evening Express, | 2.35 a.m. |
| Pacific Express, | 4.40 a.m. |
| Accommodation, | 6.25 a.m. |
| Mail, | 3.57 p.m. |
| Day Express | 4.35 p.m. |
| Way Freight | 1.45 p.m. |

AIR LINE DIVISION.

| EASTWARD. | |
|----------------------------|------------|
| Mail—Arrives in Niles | 9.15 p.m. |
| Three Rivers Accommodation | 7.40 p.m. |
| Atlantic Express | 9.00 p.m. |
| Way Freight | 10.30 a.m. |

| WESTWARD. | |
|--|-----------|
| Three Rivers Accommodation—Leave Niles | 6.05 a.m. |
| Mail | 3.45 p.m. |
| Pacific Express | 5.05 a.m. |
| Way Freight | 5.05 p.m. |

SOUTH BEND DIVISION.

Trains leave South Bend—8 15 a.m., 11 10 a.m., 3.00 p.m., 6.30 p.m.
Arrive at Niles—8.42 a.m., 11.40 a.m., 3.30 p.m., 7.00 p.m.
Leave Niles—6.30 a.m., 9.20 a.m., 12.45 p.m., 4.35 p.m.
Arrive at South Bend—7.05 a.m., 9.55 a.m., 1.20 p.m., 5.10 p.m.
Sunday Trains Leave South Bend 9.00 a.m., 7.60 p.m.
Arrive at Niles—9.30 a.m., 7.30 p.m.

NOTRE DAME STATION.

Arrive—7.00 a.m., 9.50 a.m., 1.15 p.m., 5.05 p.m.
Leave—8.20 a.m., 11.15 a.m., 3.05 p.m., 6.35 p.m.

SUNDAY TRAINS.

Arrive—8.30 a.m., 5.30 p.m. Leave—9.05 a.m., 7.05 p.m.
H. E. SARGENT, Gen'l Superintendent, Chicago, Illinois.
S. R. KING, Passenger and Freight Agent, South Bend.
B. CELESTINE, Agent Notre Dame

CHICAGO ALTON AND ST. LOUIS LINE.

TRAINS leave West Side Union Depot, Chicago, near Madison Street Bridge, as follows:

| | LEAVE. | ARRIVE. |
|--|------------|------------|
| St. Louis and Springfield Express, via Main Line | *9:30 a.m. | *8:00 p.m. |
| Kansas City Fast Express, via Jacksonville, Ill., and Louisiana, Mo. | *9:45 a.m. | *4:30 p.m. |
| Wenona, Lacon and Washington Express (Western Division) | *9:30 a.m. | *4:30 p.m. |
| Joliet Accommodation, | *4:10 p.m. | *9:40 a.m. |
| St. Louis and Springfield Night Express, via Main Line, | †6:30 p.m. | *4:30 .m. |
| St. Louis and Springfield Lightning Express, via Main Line, and also via Jacksonville Division | †9:00 p.m. | †7:15 a.m. |
| Kansas City Express, via Jacksonville, Ill., and Louisiana, Mo. | †9:45 p.m. | †7:15 a.m. |

* Except Sunday. † On Sunday runs to Springfield only ‡ Except Saturday. § Daily. ¶ Except Monday.
The only road running 3 Express Trains to St. Louis daily, and a Saturday Night Train.
Pullman Palace Dining and Smoking Cars on all day Trains.
JAMES CHARLTON, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent, CHICAGO.
J. C. McMULLIN, Gen'l Superintendent, CHICAGO

LOUISVILLE N. ALBANY & CHICAGO R.R.

On and after Sunday, Nov. 12, 1873, trains pass New Albany and Salem Crossing, as follows:

| GOING NORTH. | | GOING SOUTH. | |
|--------------|------------|--------------|------------|
| Pass..... | 7 29 P. M. | Pass..... | 8 23 P.M. |
| Freight..... | 2.48 A. M. | Freight..... | 10.47 A.M. |
| Freight..... | 8 57 P. M. | Freight..... | 4.45 A.M. |
| Pass..... | 9.24 a. m. | Pass..... | 11.23 A.M. |

H. N. CANIFF, Agent.